Enter three Gentlemen, bearing him.

1. *Gent.* Still do these loathsome thoughts iarre on your tongue.
Your selfe to staine the honour of your Wife,
Nobly discended; those whom men call mad,
Endangers others, but hee's more then mad
That wounds himselfe, whose owne words
Do proclaime it is not fit, I pray forsake it.

2. *Gent.* Good sir, let modesty reproue you.

3. *Gent.* Let honest kindnes sway so much with you.

Hu. God den, I thanke you sir, how do you? adieu, I am glad to see you, farwell Instructions, Admonitions. *Exeunt Gent.*

Enter a seruant.

Huſ. How now sirrha, what would you?

Ser. Onely to certifie you sir, that my Mistris was met by the way, by them who were sent for her vp to London by her honourable Vnckle, your Worships late gardian.

Huſ. So sir, then she is gone, and so may you be,
But let her looke that the thing be done she wots of,
Or hell will stand more pleasant then her house at home. *Exit seruant.*

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Well or ill met, I care not.

Huſ. No nor I.

Gent. I am come with confidence to chide you.

Huſ. Who me? chide me? doo't finely then, let it not moue me, for if thou chidst me angry, I shal strike.

Gent. Strike thine owne follies, for it is they

Deserues